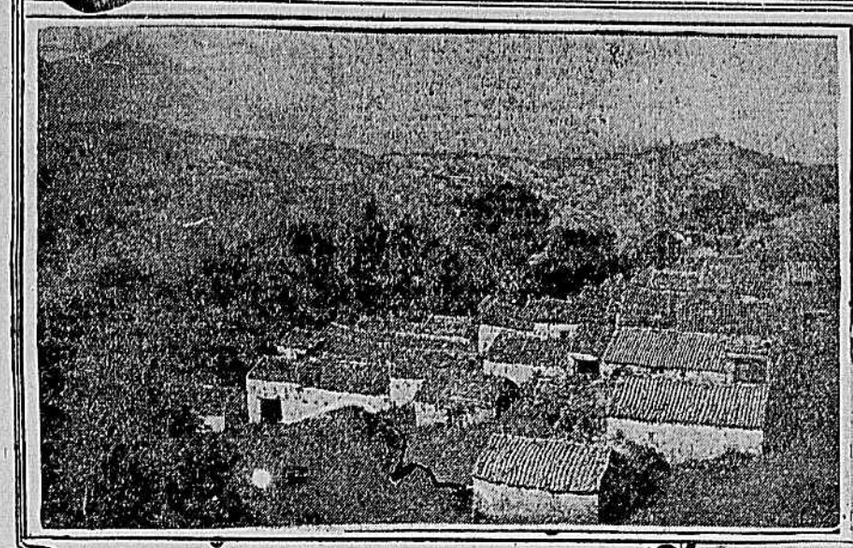
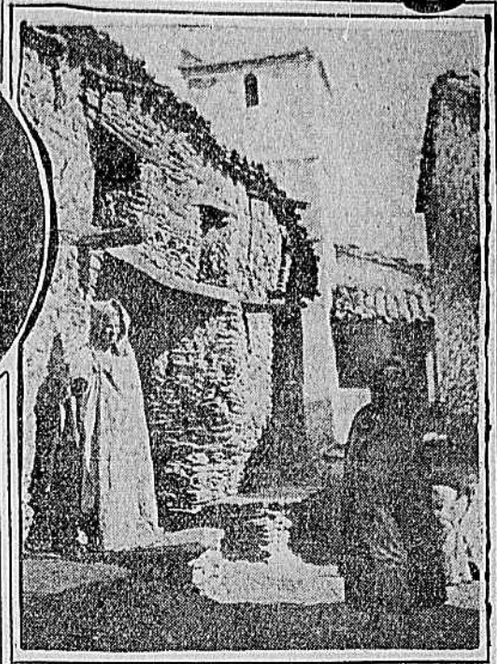
AMONG THE KABYLES IN ATLAS MOUNTAINS



A KABYLE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

KABYLE WOMEN WATER CARRIERS

AT DINNER



IN A KABYLE TOWN

(BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.)

Maillot, Algeria.

HAVE you ever heard of the white race of the Atlas Mountains? Its people have features like ours, and some of them have blue eyes and red hair. Many have rosy skins and complexions so fair that if dressed in European clothes they would not be out of place in London, Paris or New York. Others are darker, from their admixture with the Arabs and Moors, but they are still a people of their own kind, and strong enough to impress their brand on their offspring.

This race is scattered through the mighty mountains of Northwestern Africa. It is composed of the Berbers or Kabyles, who are numbered by millions and are found everywhere in these hills.

The Atlas Mountains begin opposite the Canary Islands, well down the Atlantic coast, and run from southwest to northeast for a distance of more than 1,500 miles, ending near Cape Bon, below the Island of Sicily. They are longer than from Philadelphia to Omaha and wider than the distance between Washington and New York. The region altogether is more than one-seventh the size of the United States proper, and including the valleys it has a population of 15,000,000 or more.

The Berbers of Morocco.

Fully one-half of these people are made up of the descendants of this white race, and if we take the tribes which have left the mountains and gone down into the lowlands and desert, they will number still more. The Tuaregs, the fierce brigands of the Sahara, who wear black veils night and day and scour the desert on camels, robbing the caravans, are of Berber origin, and so are the Biskris and others who come from far down in the Sahara to do the heavy work about the wharves of the Algerian ports. There are several million Berbers in Morocco, where they have divided up into hundreds of tribes. They live in the mountains, and are lawless and wild. The band of Raisuli, which kidnapped Ion Perdicaris, is one of them, and they are the main cause of the danger to foreigners in that country to-day.

The Oldest White Race on Record

The Berbers are the oldest white race upon record, and if we could trace our own forefathers back into the dark ages we should probably find that they are our cousins. They are supposed to have come here from Southern Europe, but, if so, it was when Europe was savage and when our ancestors were still eating with their fingers and sleeping on skins in the wilds of the forests.

Indeed, the Berbers were here when Athens was in its infancy and when Rome was yet to be born. There are records in the Egyptian temples dating as far back as 1300 years before Christ, which speak of them as having rosy cheeks, blue eyes and red hair, and we find them fighting with the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths and the Vandals. They were conquered again and again, but they fled to their fastnesses in the Atlas and have kept their individuality to this day.

When the Arabs came the Berbers were again overcome, and they adopted the Mohhammeden religion, but they have modified it to suit themselves, and they have still their own ways and customs, as they had in the past. The Kabyle women do not veil their faces, and the men are satisfied to have but one wife. A large number, however, have intermarried with the alien races, and there are now among them as many brown skins as fair skins. The fierce African sun darkens the lighter-hued Kabyles in the summer, and they take on the brown, rosy complexions of Italy, Spain and South France.

Among the Kabyles of the Grand Atlas.

I have seen many of these fair-skinned Berbers or Kabyles since I came to the black continent some months ago. I met them first in Morocco and again in Spanish Africa, and I have found the meverywhere during my travels in Algeria.

I have spent the past week in Grand Kabylia, where they are almost the sole inhabitants, and have gone from village to village investigating their customs and photographing them at work and in their homes. Within the past three days I have ridden for more than a hundred miles through the wildest of these African mountains, crossing the Grand Atlas chain from Tizi-Ouzou, the capital of Kabylia, by way of Fort National and Michelet, over a pass almost as high as Mount Washington, and then coming down to this little town of Maillot, in the rich valley of the Tell, where I now am.

The road we took over the mountains covered a distance of about 170 kilometers. It was built by the French as a military highway to hold these people in order, and it is so smooth that one could go over it in an automobile. Indeed, I was offered an automobile for the trip at a cost of $25 per day, but I found that I should have to pay one day's return fare for every day I used the machine, making the cost really $50 per diem; there was also danger of a breakdown in the mountains, and I concluded to hire a carriage instead. This I got for $15 per day. It had an Arab driver and three horses hitched up abreast, and it enabled me to make my way leisurely from point to point, now stopping at a village and now at the little fields where the Kabyles were working.

The French Military Road.

This road over the Atlas is a wonderful piece of civil engineering. It goes along the sides of the cliffs and has been fairly cut out of the rocks. In places the drop to the valley below is something like 2,000 feet, and at times, when a caravan of camels passed by us, each beast loaded with two great, long bags of barley which tripled its width, we had to stop for fear we might be crowded over the rocks and dashed to pieces in the valley below. At other places we met droves of donkeys, which their Kabyle owners had to bring down to single file in order to pass, and again companies of Kabyle natives, with loads on their backs, who walked the same way.

The road is a limestone pike, with frequent stone culverts, and now and then bridges of stone and iron. Away up on the top of the Atlas there is a tunnel, which has been blasted through the rock; and on the very top of the pass we went through a deep cut which had been made for the road. All along the way are piles of broken stone, showing that the repairs are going on all the time, and there are guard houses at every few miles, where the men who take care of the road are stationed. This pass is, in fact, a military highway, and it enables France to control the whole region about.

A Dangerous People.

The Kabyles are among the most insurrectionary of the population of Algeria. Like the Swiss, they live in the mountains, and they have the same love of freedom. They submit to the French and work for them; but I am told that they hate them at heart, and that if France should have a great war with any other nation they would again break out into rebellion. This they did in 1871, when France had its war with Germany. At that time an army of these mountaineers marched on Algiers. They were defeated by the French, and since them no Kabyle or other native, except in certain wild districts, is allowed to have arms.

At Port National I found a battalion of zouaves, about eight hundred strong, and the town itself is fortified in such a way that its guns command the many villages on the neighboring peaks. The road is so made that guns can be easily taken over it, and the many Kabyle towns, in view everywhere, can be shelled. On my way to Tizi-Ouzou I passed several regiments of French soldiers who were on the march, and I could easily see how an army of them with a road like this could keep the people in order.

I found most of the Kabyles friendly, and the contrast between them and their brothers in Morocco was striking. In Morocco every one carried a gun, and I was not allowed to go into the mountains unless accompanied by soldiers.

100 Miles Through the Atlas Mountains.

Before I describe my visits to the Kabyle villages I want to tell you something about these mighty mountains which form their homes. I have traveled through the Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes and the Rockies. Each has its own grandeur, and the same is true of these mighty African mountains, which in many respects have scenery surpassing that of any other range of the world. The air here is as clear as that on the high plateau of Bolivia. One can see as far as on Lake Titicaca, and the sun is so bright that where it strikes the fleecy white clouds it paints patches of navy blue velvet on the mountains below. These high Atlas peaks rise from the plain in rugged grandeur. They roll over each other, with great canyons and gorges; and they may be seen an hundred miles or more away, cutting the blue sky of the horizon. They are of as many colors as the mountains of Colorado, and in places are quite as ragged and rocky. Almost everywhere they are cultivated high above the line of fertility of the hills of other countries. Their slopes are cut up into patches of all shapes, some of which are not bigger than bedquilts. About these patches are stone walls or hedges sometimes they are marked by furrows or ditches, some have fruit trees growing in them, but more often they are only bunches of scrub, amongst which the grain has been planted. Each of these little patches is a Kabyle farm. Nearly every family owns some land, to which its clings as its dearest possession. The men cultivate their little crops and make what they can from them, and then go down into the lowlands to work for the French farmers to piece out their incomes.

The Woods of the Atlas.

Along the lower slopes of the Atlas there are many big orchards, but these are owned mostly by the French. They are walled off from the road by hedges of cactus, in which dried thorn bushes have been twined, making a barrier impassable for man or beast. There are also olive orchards, and almost everywhere, even to high up in the mountains, are groves of wild olive trees, and now and then a forest of the evergreen oak, whose bark furnishes our cork.

Others of the mountains, especially the slopes facing the valley of the Tell, are covered with scrubby oaks, with leaves an inch long and of much the shape as those of a rose bush; they are light green in color. The trees are nothing like the great oaks of America, but nevertheless they bear acorns and furnish food for numerous hogs. Many of the trees are trimmed of their branches every year in order that the twigs and limbs may be used for fuel. I am told that it is against the law to cut the trees down to the ground, and that most of the charcoal and firewood of Algeria are made from these switches. They are used by the bakers, and the bread of a great part of Algeria is baked with them.

Sunset in the Atlas.

As one climbs up the Atlas Mountains the views widen so that the whole world seems spread out below one can see so far that such mountains as the Alps are dwarfed by the mighty panoramas. The ragged hills stretch away for hundreds of miles on every side, and in the winter, when the Atlas is covered with snow, the views must be, beyond expression, magnificent. I saw one sunset at the very top of the pass, which will remain in my memory as among the most wonderful of the cloud paintings of my life.

During the day the sirocco had been blowing its hot blast from the desert and the sun had been hidden. When it set the sky was full of clouds, and it gilded them in a hundred roseate hues. We were high up in the sky, with great masses of fleecy gold above and below us. The mountains took on all tints and shades, and their sides became a patchwork of many colors, which we saw through a thin veil of gold. On other hills the veil was a delicate lavender, and on others a snow-white tinged with rose pink. As the sun disappeared a band of royal purple ran around these mountain peaks, resting below them, while there were bands of burning copper above and below.

The most striking feature of the whole of these Atlas scenes is the human interest which shines out of their every picture. The Kabyle villages are everywhere. There are thousands of them in the Algerian mountains. Every great hilltop is spotted with them, and they cap all the lower peaks. The people build right on the tops of the hills. Their little huts are of stone and plaster, with roofs of red tile. The walls are whitewashed, and every town makes a great patch of white and red on the landscape.

The villages are usually far off the road and are reached only by mule paths. I climbed up and visited some of them. One was entered by a gate forming a sort of loading-place for the gowned, bronzed-faced, turbaned citizens. Passing through this, I was right in the settlement. The houses stand close together, built along narrow streets with no pavements of any kind. They are all of one story, and look more like stables than homes. The doors are rude, although some have carving upon them. They enter into a court upon which are sometimes two houses, the walls of both facing the street. The average house is about fifteen feet square; it has a ridge roof, which is seldom more than twelve feet in height at the comb. Here in the Atlas these roofs are of red tile, and in other places they are of thatch.

The houses are entered from the court by doors as rough as those which face the street. They are absolutely without ornamentation. They have no windows, and, with the exception of a little hole about a foot square under the roof at one end, no light but that which comes in at the door.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

CRITICISM OF MISSIONS RAMPANT IN PORT CITIES OF FAR EAST

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

TIENTSIN, CHINA.

HERE is the place to come to learn "the other side" of foreign missions. This city and Shanghai are doubtless the two greatest centres of anti-missionary sentiment in the world. The criticisms of missions and missionaries most commonly heard have to do with China and with China's capital. Three out of four stories reflecting upon missions are located in China, and two our of three are likely to concern Peking and its neighborhood.

Now, that means Tientsin. The foreign population of Peking is very small, including few persons besides legationers and missionaries. But Tientsin, the port of Peking, and of North China, has the second largest foreign population in the empire. It is a city of imposing European buildings, of foreign stores, of modern streets and homes, of clubs and churches—in short, it is a bit of the west which greets a traveler like an oasis in the desert of the east.

Missionary Charged With Graft

On the ship between Chefoo and Tientsin I was talking over a variety of Far Eastern topics with a British merchant who had lived for more than twenty years in Tientsin. He was plainly a gentleman, a man of family, of breeding and social standing, and in all respects his views had been temperate. Without his knowing my interest in the subject, the conversation drifted to missionaries. "Really, some one should look into this missionary business. It is not what people at home think it is. You go up to Peking, and you will find the missionaries living in compounds as big as legations. And during the Boxer trouble they looted frightfully.

"There was one missionary, a Mr. Blank, who was made interpreter to a British punitive expedition, with the honorary rank of second lieutenant. At every village he would demand a large sum of money, in the name of the commanding officer, which he would quietly pocket himself. At length word of this reached the British authorities, and the missionary was asked for an explanation. He flatly denied everything. Then he was given his choice of standing a fair court-martial, with the assurance that he would be shot if found guilty, or of being deprived of his rank and of being dismissed from the service in ignominy. He chose the latter, thus practically confessing his guilt. Missionaries all say: 'Poor Mr. Blank!' and look upon him as a martyr; although the board that employed him took a different view of the matter, and discharged him. He lives in Tientsin to-day and is a rich man."

Now this attitude of many English-speaking residents of the East toward missions, means something. It is not a sufficient answer to fling charges, as missionary supporters commonly do, at the moral character of the white communities in port cities. The man above quoted is, as has been said, an honorable man of position, and his statements were specific.

In the particular case he cited, an investigation showed that his statements were warranted, except as to the attitude of the missionaries toward the alleged culprit in question. What the merchant said was mildness as compared with what the missionaries said to me.

They seem to have a more intimate knowledge of the crookedness of the ex-missionary than others, and they have the additional grievance that he has brought disgrace upon their calling. Similarly, the missionaries went farther than others in condemnation of another notorious character in this city, an ex-missionary now in corporation service, who is commonly alluded to as "the prize coward of the Peking siege," and whose business methods are reputed to be devious.

Of this attitude of the missionaries, apparently, the community is unaware. In its sensitiveness to criticism the missionary body presents a solid front, making no explanations, and the world does not know that the black sheep have been cast out of the flock. It appears that this place, like other port cities, contains a number of ex-missionaries who have been dismissed from board service, or who have of their own will retired to enter business. There is nothing dishonorable in the latter practice, although it is a clear violation of accepted missionary ethics. The onus of the shortcomings of all these, who are naturally still called "missionaries," attaches to the missionary body, the members of which, I have been repeatedly assured, look with utmost disfavor upon the entrance of any one of their number into money-making pursuits.

The wiser way would be for the missionaries openly to disavow responsibility for the course of all except bona fide members of established missions; and hospitably to meet honest criticism with frank explanations, and with respect for the motives of the critics; instead of maintaining an attitude of silence, seclusion and self-sufficiency.

In the matter of the gulf that exists between the foreign community and the missionaries, the latter appear to be more blameworthy than the former, for it is their business to be friendly with all men and to guard the good reputation of their work. Yet in truth they sometimes seem the more censorious of the two. Some of the sweeping assertions of the missionaries concerning the evil lives of non-missionary foreigners are as unfounded as many of the criticism which the latter make of the missionaries. Investigation reveals the fact that in Tientsin more effort is put forth in behalf of the moral welfare of the Anglo-Saxon young men and for the reclamation of those who have strayed by the non-missionary residents than by the missionaries themselves.

Where the Missionaries Are at Fault.

An interesting critic could probably prove the charges of narrowness, exclusiveness and censoriousness against many members of the missionary body here, admitting the noteworthy exceptions. All this might be comprehended within the phrase, general unfitness for missionary work in a port city. It is a singular lack of perception on the part of the mission boards in America and Europe which often put in the open ports missionaries who by social gifts, intellectual equipment and by temperament are least likely to do the most effective work there, both among the natives and the foreigners. No end of misunderstanding and misrepresentation would be escaped by a wiser method on the part of the boards.

The frequently expressed policy of the missionaries, that they have come to work for the heathen and not for Europeans, is mistaken to the point of absurdity and folly as in a case I ran across here. The best single missionary enterprise in Tientsin is the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Chinese city proper. It is almost entirely self-supporting, so greatly does it command the respect of eminent Chinese, the viceroy himself being among the contributors. All the work, including the home of the missionary, is in a big Chinese residence, with upwards of a hundred rooms. A school which has government recognition and approval is maintained, as well as a library and an athletic department. Some months ago the wife of the secretary was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. A messenger was hastily dispatched to a physician in the foreign concessions, who reported himself busy. (The journey by night into the centre of the native city is not a pleasant one.) A missionary physician, who, like all the other missionaries, lives outside the native city, sent back word, when appealed to: "I came to treat the Chinese, and I cannot take other patients."

So after this experience, which might have proved fatal to his wife, the association secretary, to avoid its repetition, is obliged to consider the possibility of surrendering his home amid the Chinese, where he is doing notable work, and of taking up his residence in the foreign settlement. Probably such an extreme instance as this of the contention of the missionary, that he came to work for natives and not for foreigners, cannot be duplicated. But it is nevertheless significant.

missionary shortcomings, it is proper to tell the story of a missionary rebellion which has its focus in Tientsin. In the southern part of this province is an independent undertaking called the "South Chihli Mission," begun ten years ago by Rev. H. W. Houlding, an American Congregationalist. The mission is not related to any church or denomination, its support coming chiefly from independent city missions and from Congregational churches in the West and Middle West of the United States. Mr. Houlding, it appears, has the gift of glowingly portraying China's needs, and last year he received more than $20,000 for the work of his mission. During the past eight years he has brought out sixty-nine adult missionaries, most of them coming at their own expense and putting all their wordly possessions into a common mission fund, from which they could never withdraw them.

Troubles in the mission have been almost constant, and now former members of the mission are out in a public circular, which they are sending widely to America, making various charges against the mission and its head. It is reported that the American consul-general is taking steps to require Mr. Houlding to provide return passage to America for his missionaries, since a number of them have become a charge on the consulate. For it appears, according to this circular, that of the sixty-nine missionaries brought out, three have died and thirty-eight have left the mission in dissatisfaction. Most of these have remained in China, in connection with other missions; some have gone into business here, and some have returned to America.

The circular charges Mr. Houlding with lack of proper qualifications for leadership, with denying the missionaries a voice in the management of the mission; with running a sort of absolute monarchy, all the property being in his own name; and with making representations concerning the work which are not borne out by the facts. The signers of the circular say that they have made the mildest possible presentation of the real situation, and they hint at more serious evils. Some of the many stories current here are ludicrous. One member of the mission was British, and liked his cup of afternoon tea. The mission thought this a wicked and sinful indulgence. When he persisted in the practice they had a mission prayer meeting over him, to show him the evil of his course! Another member was similarly disciplined for being too fond of peanuts! All this while grave evils were existing in the conduct of the mission.

Stranded Missionaries.

One hears many stories in the East concerning independent missions, without substantial and responsible bodies back of them at home. Especially are tales told of the "faith" missions. Zealous and unqualified enthusiasts come out on "faith, and the other missionaries and foreigners have to support them to keep them from starving, until they can secure work, or provision is made for their return to America. I have repeatedly been told instances of this sort concerning a Scandinavian mission whose people come chiefly from Minnesota. Some of the independent missionaries who do manage to get along are obliged to give a large part of their time to cultivating their American constituency.

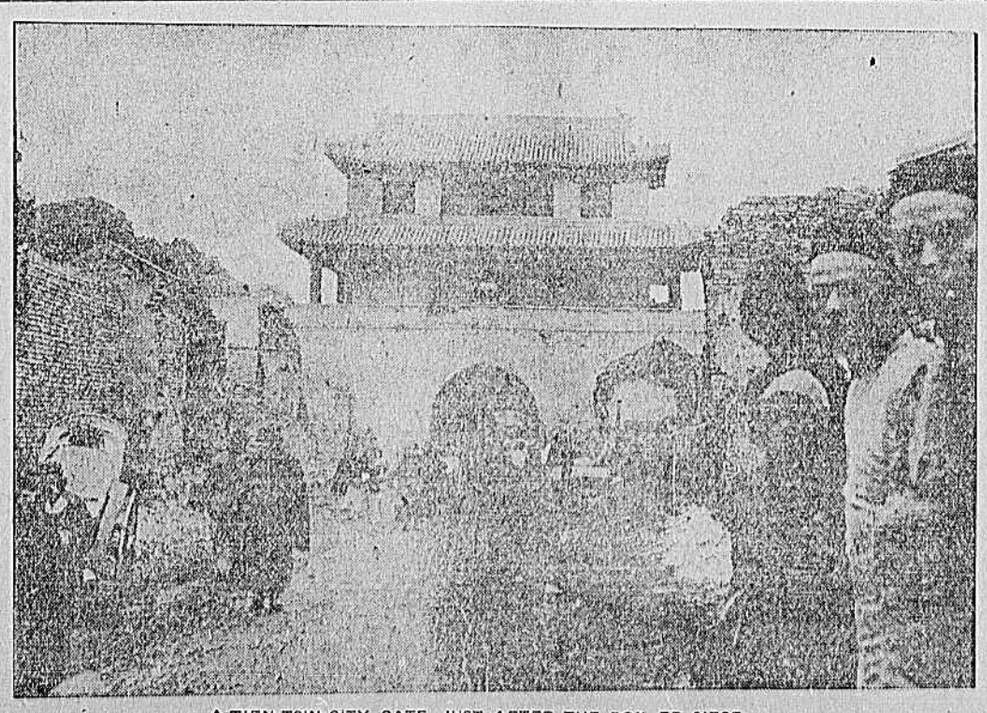
These missionaries who come out with no other equipment than enthusiasm make strange blunders. One party of Swedes, whose advent is a pronounced memory in missionary circles, bore each a musical instrument. They would play and sing hymns along the street, to the entertainment of the Chinese. The young women wrote home glowing accounts of the crowds they gathered by their street meetings, not realizing at all that in China such performances as theirs are always attributed only to evil characters and to the lowest of motives. Instead of doing good, they actually did only harm.

Akin to these, are the religious faddists who enter the foreign fields, representing some special tenet or doctrine. These make no special effort to reach the genuine heathen, but confine themselves to proselyting among the native Christians. Still easier mission work is that done by a holiness sect in America which publishes a paper called "The Gospel Trumpet." It appeals for funds to evangelize the heathen, and then spends the money for sending copies of the paper to missionaries of the various denominations, already on the field. Thus, every missionary in Japan receives "The Gospel Trumpet," and none, so far as I could learn, ever reads it.

Whatever its shortcomings, the missionary work done by the great denominations still seems to be most rational, and established on a permanent basis.

Despite their expensive equipment—or possibly because of it—the denominational missions are probably the least expensive in the long run, as well as the most effective.

This latter statement is full of meaning. There are practically no foreigners in China, outside of the port cities, except missionaries. Few other foreigners anywhere understand the language at all, using only "pigeon English" with their servants. Most of the authoritative books on China have been written by missionaries. And the very fact that the work of these men and women is done off in the interior, and away from foreign observation, disqualifies most residents of the port cities from passing really intelligent judgment upon its broader aspects and relations.



A TIEN TSIN CITY GATE, JUST AFTER THE BOX ER SIEGE.